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796 whom they will marry. This is done by associating the verse being sung [787] with the girl whose forfeit is drawn from the pitcher or jar at that particular time.

[771] To call attention, however, to the major holy days is to overlook the importance of the minor holy days in regulating much of the life of the older [243] villager who is still apt to be tradition-bound. For example, on July 2, the Day of the Virgin the Sheafbearer, many peasants will not harvest for fear that any sheaves they would gather would be destroyed by fire; or on [252] July 7, the Day of St. Kyriaki, peasant women in many parts of Greece [245] will not bake bread for fear that it will be eaten by snakes; or on July 17, the Day of St. Marina, the people go to the vineyards to collect grapes. On [782] this same day they may make a public sacrifice of a calf, letting the animal's blood run in a special ditch; they follow this sacrifice with a common meal. On July 20, the Day of the Prophet Elijah (Elias), there are also festivals and sacrifices, chiefly because so many churches are named in his honor. [821] Some people go to worship on the mountaintops; others try to foretell the weather since Elijah is associated with rain and thunder; and still others light fires on the mountainsides or in the villages.

[231] Thus one could run through each month. There are dates when livestock [357] owners can begin to let their animals pasture freely in fields and vineyards [675] (September 14), when master and servants are supposed to draw up the contract between them (October 26), when the wine cask is to be opened [241] (November 3 or 11), when agricultural work is to be finished for the year (November 14), when the fountain is to be fed with seeds (November 21), when the icons are to be dipped into the sea (December 6).[a] Each of these dates in and of itself is perhaps not very significant, for the taboos and customs are of a relatively simple sort; but they do illustrate the rich heritage of folklore which surrounds every village, day in and day out, and which adds to the color and vividness of rural life in Greece.

527 These saints' days also afford the basis for the custom of observing namedays. In Greece, a person and his family pay little attention to his birthday but make much of the day of the saint whose name he bears. In [782] Amphypolis, for instance, on a boy's nameday his parents will sacrifice a [535] lamb. They will sing and dance and afterwards feast on the lamb because, as one village girl expressed it, "each boy belongs to a certain saint and the [574] lamb is for the saint." Throughout Greece one visits a friend on his nameday, enjoys the good food that is served, and wishes the individual long life and happiness. In a village where there are many people named Constantine or George, people go from one party to another until they have had more than enough food and drink.

796 The greatest holidays of the year are Christmas and Easter, with the latter being the more important. As a matter of fact, Christmas is only one [785] part of the so-called Twelve Days (*Dodekaemeron*) between Christmas

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Eve and Epiphany (December 24–January 6). It is preceded by a week's fast, which formerly lasted forty days, ending on Christmas Eve. Throughout much of Greece it is traditional to kill a pig for Christmas, although in many villages of Thessaly people are satisfied with fowl. Indispensable is the *Christopsoma* (Bread of Christ), a large round loaf, with a cross formed of dough in the middle and with four chestnuts on each side and a fifth in the center. This is a leavened loaf but without any sugar, although in the cities it is so highly decorated with candied fruits that it resembles a sweet loaf. Special Christmas cakes as well as a number of other dishes are also prepared for the occasion.

Christmas Eve is a time for caroling, or the *kalenda*. The carols are about the birth of Christ, the joy that is spread all over the world, "so good master give us something so that we can enjoy with ease Christmas Day." In some parts of Greece adults as well as children go caroling. In addition to triangles which they play while singing, the children may carry little paper ships or houses and lighted lanterns. The carolers in the cities receive coins or sweets, but in the villages they are content with currants and nuts. They avoid homes that are in mourning, although earlier in the day many people have probably visited the cemeteries with offerings of food for the dead.

On Christmas Day itself the more devout go to the early communion service and then on to the home of the eldest relative (if he is very poor, then to the home of the richest relative). Here, in Thessaly at least, they drink *kokorozoumo*, a boullion made from boiled chicken, lamb, and beef, to which a lemon flavoring has been added. In Macedonia, a traditional dish is *dolmades*, or stuffed pickled cabbage leaves prepared on Christmas Eve and allowed to simmer in a sauce pan on a low fire all night. The men in particular drink a great deal of liquor throughout the day and generally end up inebriated, partly because they have been to call on those named Christos or Christina and been duly treated. Christmas Day, though not a time for exchanging gifts, is a special occasion to be celebrated.

Yet throughout this whole twelve-day period many of the peasants reveal an unusual anxiety, for they believe that the Evil Eye is unusually active at this time. Windows and doors must be kept shut so that bad spirits will not bring in illnesses of any kind; furthermore, these spirits — called *kallikantzari* — are usually mischievous as well. They are supposed to be little men with goats' feet, enormous heads, and big ears; they are black, for they come down the chimney which must be kept closed. To be on the safe side, it is well to put a little sugar and a glass of water by the fireplace for them to eat and drink and thus be less inclined to do harm. Every village literally teems with stories about the kallikantzari at this time of year and details differ greatly as to their appearance and pranks. Their presence is

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The second, third, and fourth of January are ordinary working days, but on January 5 people expect a half-day off since it is Epiphany Eve, at which time children also sing the kalenda about the baptism of "the child of God." There is a five o'clock service in the morning at which occurs the first blessing of the waters. Those in attendance have brought jugs or cups for the blessed water which they take home to use in curing the sick or preventing the Evil Eye during the year. But on Epiphany itself occurs the most spectacular second blessing of the water, done in front of everybody at the church or near some body of water into which the cross is thrown. Swimmers are ready to dive in after it and struggle for its possession. The one who succeeds in gaining it is not only assured of good luck during the year but he can pass throughout the crowd and even the community to collect money from those solicited.

527 533 788 755 777

On Epiphany the priest visits the homes of the parish to bless each room by sprinkling holy water there, thus guaranteeing that all kallikantzari[1] have been exorcised and chased back to their lairs beneath the earth until the next Twelve Days comes around.

789

Easter brings with it a wealth of customs, a blend of the pagan and the Christian, which are lightened by the coming of spring and the renewal of nature. Although they are "all of a piece" in the peasant mind, they can be best understood by the outsider in terms of Carnival, Lent, and Holy Week.

Carnival begins nine weeks before Easter and runs for three weeks. The second week is climaxed by Meat Sunday and the third week by Cheese Sunday. This is the time for weddings which otherwise could not take place until after Easter; this is the time for masquerades, although these are less pronounced in the villages than in the cities; this is also the time when family groups get together for little feasts before the Great Fast starts forty days before Easter. The last two Saturdays of Carnival and the first Saturday of Lent are *psychosabbata,* or memorial days for the dead. On the Thursday of the middle week of Carnival, members of the family, bringing their own food with them, gather in the home of the eldest relative to have a special meal, and on this occasion they allow some dish to scorch on the stove and smell up the house in the belief that this will bring good luck. This day is called *tsichnopempti,* since *tsichna* stands for the odor of burning flesh.

585 369 785 769 777

Meat Sunday is the eighth one before Easter (the villagers count Easter as one of the Sundays). On this day the people are supposed to start doing without meat products for the Lenten period. On the following Sunday, called Cheese Sunday, the forbidden foods are broadened to include milk products as well. This latter holiday is especially colorful in many parts of Greece, for on this day the village boys prepare piles of wood on various heights to be lit after dark. This is also the day for visiting older relatives

785 262 372 783

1 [These are bad spirits – ANALYST]

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and godparents in order to beg their forgiveness. Before the evening meal begins the younger members of the family kneel before their parents to ask their pardon for a wrongdoing and to receive a blessing. Carnival is definitely at an end.

Over and over again I asked local informants how many of the people kept the Great Fast before Easter. In the villages the replies were often as high as 80 percent of the older people, but more and more it seems that the younger generation keeps the fast for the one week immediately following Cheese Sunday and then takes it lightly until the Holy Week just prior to Easter. The villagers do not find it hard to give up meat because they actually have little available, but they do find that doing without eggs and cheese is restrictive. The pious manage to live on vegetables, bread, olives, and fruit.

Lent gets off to a frantic start with Clean Monday (*Kathara Deftera*), which is supposedly a period of purification of body and soul. Kitchen utensils are polished until they shine, walls whitewashed to make them look like new, floors scrubbed, and everything made ready for the big holiday which is in store. Townspeople in particular spend this day with their families on a picnic, with many localities having favorite spots that may originally have had a sacred meaning.

Eight days before Easter is the Day of St. Lazarus. On its eve the young girls sing what are called Lazarus songs, and on the day itself they go visiting. They are decorated with flowers and hold palm or laurel branches in their hands. They represent the death and resurrection of Lazarus and receive presents in return for their performance. On this day, too, there are frequently dances in the village squares.

On Palm Sunday the palm or laurel branches are woven into the form of a cross, around which several folk beliefs center. For example, some villagers believe they can tell the future from the cross; and others say this palm cross can be used against the Evil Eye.

Holy Week finds the emotional build-up for Easter increasing day by day. On Monday the housewives put everything in order, particularly if bad weather previously has kept them from getting all the cleaning done. The devout go to church, usually in the evening, although a liturgy is held in the morning as well. In some villages the residents may tie rags in their front door to keep away insects. On Tuesday the people do very little regular work because, as the housewives put it, "we are getting ready for Easter." On Wednesday those attending the morning service are anointed with oil on the forehead, chin, and cheeks (sign of the cross) and, in rural areas, new yeast is prepared in the church and distributed to families for use throughout the year. On Holy Thursday everybody takes the afternoon off, "for it was on this afternoon that Christ was seized." To commemorate the crucifixion in the evening service, the priests read twelve passages from

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the Gospel and the cross is brought out to the center of the church where people can kiss it, place flowers before it, and show their sorrow over the crucifixion which has been called to their mind. Eggs are dyed red on this day, which is sometimes called Red Thursday, thus symbolizing the blood of Christ.

Good Friday is a holy day on which no one works. The women pick flowers with which to decorate the holy shroud (*Epitaphios*) or sacred icon. All day long the coffeehouses are closed and the people abstain from alcoholic drinks, olives, fish roe, or leavened bread. The evening church service lasts from eight to midnight. One of its features is the carrying of the flower-bedecked Epitaphios in a sacred funeral procession through the streets of the village. The priests in their rich robes, the altar boys, and the congregation walk solemnly as though they were actually burying their Lord. The procession goes around the church before the simulated bier is brought to rest before the church door at such a height that the worshippers can pass under it into the church, crossing themselves as they do so.

On Saturday members of the household prepare the Paschal lamb. A few attend the services from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M., but almost everybody attends the evening service. The bells summon the people at 11 P.M. and by 11:30 the congregation has gathered. At midnight, when the sacred fire supposedly descends from heaven and the glorious Easter hymn *Christos Aneste* bursts forth in joy, people hurry to light their candles, shoot off the firecrackers they have brought for the purpose, and greet each other with *Christos aneste* (Christ is risen) and expect the answer *Alethos aneste* (Risen indeed). The service may continue to daybreak, but many of the people go home much earlier, each carrying his lighted taper with him. Upon arriving at the house, the worshipper uses the taper to smudge a black cross on the lintel. In some villages it is customary earlier in the day to make a cross on the door from the blood of the Paschal lamb. Once back home, the family ends the long Lenten fast by eating the red-dyed Easter eggs and *mageirites,* a highly seasoned stew made of the lamb's visceral organs. The lamb, which has not been sufficiently roasted on the spit, is eaten later in the day, not only by the members of the family but by the many guests and relatives who have come back to the village from their homes in the city.

All of Monday and the afternoon of Tuesday following Easter are considered national holidays. By Wednesday people can get back to their regular tasks. Religious ceremonies and festivals have added a meaningful dimension to their lives and have reminded them of the long continuity which links them with their ancestors who, as they see it, became the guardians and proponents of pristine Christianity, which lives on in their own Orthodox Church.

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[Potato-digging near Thebes]



244 476 [462] directing his four helpers in sorting and sacking them. We were much less interested in what happened to the potatoes than in the means whereby forty people were gathered together at one time to help with the task at hand. We asked Yannes a number of questions:

"What do you call this kind of group?"

"We speak of it as *daneike ergassia* [borrowed work]. I received word that the commission merchant from Thebes would buy my potatoes if I had them ready by tonight. I have about an acre which I had not yet harvested, but this was too much to handle with just my immediate family. So I had to get others to help me. Last night my wife went around to the women and said, 'Tomorrow I'm going to pull potatoes. Will you come and help me?' I asked some of my relatives who live near me and a few close friends."

"What do you have to pay these people?"

"Usually we repay the others by working for them when they need help. One of us — my wife, daughter, or myself — will go help them with their potatoes when they have to harvest them. We keep a pretty good record of [465] what we owe to others and what they owe to us. Five or six of the men working here do not have any potato fields so I agreed to pay them wages. They are particularly good at helping the commission merchant sort and sack the potatoes."

244 466 476 [123] [539] [126] Such a crowd gathered around us while we asked these questions that we saw we were interrupting proceedings. So we strolled around to see how the men did the digging and learned that they worked under the close supervision of the owner. This fact reminded me of the Greek proverb, "The owner's eye is manure to the field." In fact, as the men dug, they moved in a long row across the field with the result that any laggard would soon be noticeably behind the rest. The villagers joked a great deal as we took pictures and asked about the length of the work day. The workers had come to the field about eight in the morning and would remain until the job was done, with the "estimated time of departure" set by the owner at about four or five o'clock.

[262] [785] The highlight of a day spent in such a work group is the food that is served to the workers about ten o'clock. Since the people were supposedly observing the Lenten fast, Yannes served a bean stew, candylike halvas, olives, fish, and wine. If they had not been fasting, they might have had cheese and eggs. Yannes insisted that they would only on rare occasions serve meat since they do not even eat that at home more than twice a month. But the workers, when asked about the food, said that it had been good and plentiful. "In fact," one man volunteered, "when Yannes invites us, we all say that we'll eat well today." Further inquiry showed that nobody ever turned down an invitation to a work group simply because he expected the food to be poor, but he would do so on other grounds, such as

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## A VILLAGE FESTIVAL

Mary". To the simple Greek, however, it is *the* feast of the *Panaghia*, which not the Marys only but also the men and boys named Panaghiotis keep as their name-day: a very much more important occasion in Greece than the mere commemoration of one's birth after the flesh. The importance of the festival is emphasised by a fast of two weeks' duration immediately preceding it.[1] The other liturgical commemorations of the *Theotokos* centre on particular events. March 25th, for example, apart from the national associations which have made it one of the greatest days of the year among Greeks, is essentially the memorial of the Annunciation: "To-day," runs the dismissal hymn, "is the chapter-head of our salvation and the revelation of the eternal mystery. The Son of God becomes the Son of the Virgin, and Gabriel brings the good news of grace". So with the other evangelical commemorations. The liturgy of August 15th, on the other hand, seems to sum up the whole work in the pattern of man's redemption of her who contained Him whom the heavens cannot contain, and who, through the mysterious operation of the life-giving Spirit, herself became the dwelling of the infinite Creator.

All creation rejoices in thee, thou who art highly favoured;
Both the assembly of the angels and the race of men.
O hallowed temple and logical paradise, the boast of virgins,
From whom God took flesh and became a little child,
Who is from all eternity our God.
For He made thy womb His throne
And fashioned thy body broader than the heavens.
All creation rejoices in thee, thou who art highly favoured:
Glory to thee!

*

On August 13th, 1949, furnished with a document wherein the officer commanding the Drama gendarmerie called upon all whom I should encounter in my travels to give me all conceivable manner of assistance, I embarked in the antique vehicle which then connected the village of Kato Nevrokopi with the rest of Christendom (it was blown up by a Communist mine a few months later). During the early stages of our somewhat wayward progress through the narrow streets of Drama it became evident, from the sounds which came from overhead that, in addition to the forty-four Greek passengers who occupied the

[1] [i.e. before Aug. 15th - ANALYST]

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## A VILLAGE FESTIVAL

When the Metropolitan was suitably attired he took his silver-headed stick and we set out in a little procession towards the cathedral church of St. Demetrius, which towers above the wretched cottages that surround it like some great vessel among her attendant tugs. The Metropolitan and myself were preceded by the parish priest, while well ahead there danced a certain Anargyri, whose daily joy and responsibility it is to remove straying cattle and goats from the Bishop's path, to wave to their feet the loungers on doorsteps, the coffee drinkers and those who play *trictrac* in their leafy retreats; finally, to silence the village's solitary gramophone and other profane noises. As our little procession hove in sight, the bell-ringer, stationed among his charges at the summit of the campanile, shattered the slumbers of all who had immoderately prolonged their siesta, and we made our way up the steps into the narthex of a surprisingly lofty church.

After evensong we returned, somewhat less formally, to the Bishop's cottage for supper—a simple meal of potatoes and fruit (by reason of the fast) which was shared by his two nephews, both of them orphans. I slept that night at an inn adjoining the cottage-metropolis.

The following morning, it being Sunday, we were in church from a quarter to seven until a little after ten. The liturgy ended, the colonel in charge of the local garrison drove us out in his jeep to the village of Granitsi, high on the wooded hills above the plateau, where we sat under a great oak while the villagers came to greet their father in God and brought little gifts of fruit and honey.

At evensong in the cathedral that evening, while the cantors sang of:

> Things creeping innumerable,
> Both small and great beasts,

a dormouse appeared from behind the cupboard where the liturgical books were stored, and sat most devoutly before the beautiful doors for a considerable space. The Bishop told me afterwards that it was the first mouse—the colloquial *pontikos*, with a twinkle at my use of the classical word—he had seen in the church during the four years that had elapsed since his consecration as Metropolitan of the smallest and poorest see of Greece.

The old diocese of Nevrokopi had included 120 communities. After the first Balkan war, however, it had been partitioned, and ninety of its villages as well as the town of Nevrokopi now lie within Bulgarian

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of Life have been most active, there have, as we shall see in a later chapter, been certain changes in liturgical practice during recent years: very often now the celebrant reads in an audible voice the whole of the *anaphora*, or great eucharistic prayer, which the rubric directs him to say *mystikos*—mystically, or secretly—and the whole congregation kneels at the invocation of the Holy Spirit. None of these influences had as yet reached this remote corner of New Greece, however, and the liturgy was still celebrated at Dasoto after the fashion which caused Robert de Dreux, in the seventeenth century, to observe that "it is not easy to see all that they do when they say mass, because the celebrant is hidden by a screen which shuts off the altar, and only shows himself three or four times". This, however, is a topic to which we shall have occasion to return.

The Lord's Prayer (like the Creed) was recited by a girl, and there were some thirty communicants including several children borne in the arms of their mothers—a familiar sight this in every Greek parish church. When the liturgy was ended, and the Bishop had distributed the blessed bread to the whole congregation, I observed some twenty of those who had communicated kneel before the royal doors while their father in God read a brief prayer of absolution. I have referred elsewhere to contemporary Greek practice in regard to the use of the mystery of confession. In the country districts at least, where confessors are rare, this is by no means as uniform as some are apt to suppose, or as might be inferred from the customs which obtain among the Russians of the diaspora, in Paris and elsewhere, with whom the sacrament has tended in recent times to become an obligatory part of the preparation for holy communion.

When one has fasted as a Christian one feasts as a Christian—in Greece at least.

Then for their Festivals [says Dr. Covel] . . . there is not one that appears there but will contribute something, as his share, towards the providing of victuals and drink in abundance, (as at our old Whitsun-Ales, or setting up May-poles and the like in England) there is hardly one Greek so poor, but he will borrow, or pawn, or sell his very Cloaths, or something else, to get Money for Wine, to Celebrate the Festival; and it is the same Practice amongst them upon the Holydays set apart for the Virgin Mary, or any other

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snows, westwards towards Metsovo and Epirus. To the southward a few paths—impassable save on foot during the winter months—gave access to Kalambaka and the plains of Thessaly.

After paying my respects to the colonel in command of the garrison I plunged afresh into the inland sea and struck out for the metropolis: a simple cottage where the Bishop rented a couple of rooms. The Lord Theokletos—a monumental figure in an ungirt robe of indigo—looked strangely out of place in such a setting. The Friday fast was waived out of regard to the presence of a traveller, and when we had eaten the Metropolitan told me something of the state of his diocese. It was a gloomy picture that he outlined.

Owing to the remoteness of the district and its poor communications almost every village had been abandoned by its inhabitants from 1947 till the summer of 1949. Grevena itself, a comopolis with a pre-war population in the region of 3,500, had, for more than two years, sheltered five times that number of refugees. During the past six months it had been possible for the people to return to certain villages situated in the northern part of the diocese, but there were reputed to be more than 2,000 families still living in the great refugee camp on the southern fringes of the town, and sixty-four of the diocese's ninety-six villages were still, after three years, uninhabited. Many of the fugitives had fled southwards to Kalambaka, Trikkala and Larissa; others had sought refuge in Kozani.

The refugees had included seventy-five parish priests, only sixteen of whom had as yet been able to return to their villages. Two priests had been done to death by the Germans; three others, as well as three monks, murdered by the Communists. As recently as October, 1949, the solitary occupant of the monastery of St. Athanasius, close to the village of Trikomon, had returned home after two years' exile, despite the advice of the Bishop and others who counselled him to wait two or three months longer, only to be brutally murdered within the space of a few days. It was when matters were at their worst that the Bishop formed his clerical militia and drilled his venerable warriors in the square where stands the monument to his predecessor in the see of Grevena, the Metropolitan Aimilianos, who had suffered death at the hands of the Turks in 1911 and is revered in this region as a martyr. This redoubtable force had never been called upon to take the field against the Accursed of God, but, said the Lord Theokletos, it had served as an example.

As to the destruction of churches, it seemed that some months must

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793 while in many churches and halls there are regular sermons at other
796 times during the week.

In the country dioceses, owing to the shortage of qualified preachers, sermons are still all too rarely to be heard outside the cathedral towns. The bishop and the diocesan preacher, with such other assistants as can be mustered from local resources, will visit one or two villages every Sunday, but in a diocese of perhaps 100 scattered communities it may well be that months will pass without the majority of the people having the opportunity to hear a sermon. I remember one Macedonian 'saint', who had taken advantage of the cessation of fighting in his diocese from the spring of 1949 onwards to undertake an intensive preaching campaign, telling me that in some villages it was more than ten years since a sermon had last been heard.

793 An energetic *hierokeryx* will often perform wonders; take for instance
796 this typical week-end itinerary of a lay theologian, a member of Zoë,
484 who used to be stationed at Kozani; on Saturday afternoon by army truck to Amyntaion (a distance of about fifty-five kilometres) and thence to the village of Lechovo, an hour's journey to the westward towards Kastoria. Here he gives an evening address in the church, the greater part of the community present. On Sunday morning a sermon at the liturgy is followed by an address to the young men and women. After a hurried meal he sets off on foot to the neighbouring village of Skydro for an address, not this time in the church but in the square. Thence he climbs to the village of Nymphaion, high on the mountain-side, for two further addresses before nightfall—one in church, the other, for the young people, in the school. On Monday morning he proceeds by mule to Aetos and thence to Amyntaion and Kozani. The assistant *hierokeryx* of the diocese will in the meantime have set out for the *comopolis* of Servia to preach, from a cart standing in the midst of the square, to the crowds who have gathered there for the weekly market.

793 The Greek *hierokeryx* can in general assume in his hearers a knowledge
796 of the fundamentals of the Christian faith such as can no longer be
537 taken for granted in England, at any rate. He and they will speak a common language—even though many have forgotten the reality that lies behind the familiar phrases. The outward tokens of a Christian
[785] society have still survived to a remarkable degree—the fasts of the Church's year, for instance, are still observed as a matter of course by multitudes who would make no claim to piety above the average. In

much below that of the provinces, even at a time when the villages were suffering from the depravations of the civil war.

Lent does not affect nutrition significantly. Where olive-oil is not allowed, olives are; where fish is not allowed, fish roe is. In the provinces, not much meat is eaten, even before Lent; in the cities many of the people fast only on a few of the important days of Lent. However, now that mothers have been taught the importance of giving their children daily milk, Lent does have an effect in this area; milk is forbidden during Lent, and children have to fast at least during the latter part. Unicef has made successful efforts to persuade mothers to give their children milk during this period. It achieved this with the co-operation of bishops who drank milk during Lent to show mothers that, if the cause was good, it was not a sin to drink milk; only one archimandrite refused to do so, afraid to take on the responsibility of possibly leading the people astray.

Greek holidays each have their appropriate food. It is essential for the welfare, the religion, for the Greekness of the people, to have this food at that time. At a time when the Bureau of Welfare was set up to function only during emergency, it offered funds for the indigent at holidays for the purchase of the indispensable festive foods. If Greeks have any money to spend at such a time, these foods have a priority over everything else.

## ATTITUDES UNDERLYING ACCEPTANCE OF CHANGE

Greeks do not place a value on unlimited progress; what they want is the better than the present, or than the known. Modern Greek has lost the superlative of ancient Greek. To express *the best*, one now says, *the better of all the others*. And this expresses what is actually wanted. The American says, "the sky's the limit", but the Greek wants to reach the ceiling instead, something that he can touch and know ahead of time. The rest is a dream; he speculates about it as he speculates about what he would do if he were President of the United States; and he uses the subjunctive, not the future.

In this way, the attitude toward change is related to the place of the plan in Greek life. On the one hand, that which is a plan to an American, organizing and inciting to action, is a dream to the Greek, leading to quiescence or to oratory. The Greek mother of an American adolescent is shocked to hear her daughter express as plans, in the future tense, what she herself expressed in the subjunctive of the dream. Plans introducing agricultural and other change are formulated by foreign or foreign-trained technicians who say: "When I get to be . . . I shall do . . ." for people who say: "If I were . . . I would do"; there is a chasm between these two views of life.

On the other hand, the plan based on the non-experienced, on